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A. Gray
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H Y M N S.

1. C. M. *Montgomery.*

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord—
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me !
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.
- 4 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

2. C. M. *Spirit of the Psalms.*

- 1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.
- 2 But lo ! a brighter, clearer light,
Now points to his abode,
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

- 3 O haste to follow where it leads ;
 The gracious call obey ;
 Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
 The christian's destined way.
- 4 O gladly tread the narrow path,
 While light and grace are given ;
 Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
 Shall reign with him in heaven.

3. C. M. *Enfield.*

- 1 BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
 Appears each grace divine ;
 The virtues, all in Jesus met,
 With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
 To give the mourner joy,
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,
 Was his divine employ.
- 3 In the last hour of deep distress,
 Before his Father's throne,
 With soul resign'd, he bow'd, and said,
 'Thy will, not mine, be done !'
- 4 Be Christ our pattern and our guide !
 His image may we bear !
 O may we tread his holy steps !
 His joy and glory share !

4. L. M. *Newton.*

- 1 BRETHREN, belov'd for Jesus' sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive ;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which he alone can give !

- 2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good spirit from above ;
Make our communication sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love !
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When thus we meet to pray and praise,
We only wish to speak of him,
And tell the wonders of his grace.
- 4 We'll talk of all he did and said,
His suff'rings and his dying love,
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And how he triumphs now above.
- 5 Thus as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
Then hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

5. L. M. *Steele.*

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sins distressed,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
Oh, come, and spread your woes abroad ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
Pardon and life, and endless peace ;
How rich the gift, how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice
And bless the kind inviting voice.

6. C. M. *Anonymous.*

- 1 Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me ?
And shall I fear to own thy name;
Or thy disciple be ?
- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold ;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal, grow cold.
- 3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain,
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.
- 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign ;
Let Wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

7. 8s & 7s M. *Anonymous.*

- 1 From the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.
- 2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear ;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.
- 3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing ;
Peace from God, through endless day.

8. L. M. *Doddridge.*

- 1 FATHER ! and is thy table spread ?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.
- 2 O let thy table honor'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 3 Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd ;
With warm desire let all attend ;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

9. 7s M. 6 line. *Montgomery.*

- 1 Go to dark Gethsamane,
Ye that feel temptation's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour.
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd.
O the wormwood and the gall !
O the pangs his soul sustain'd.
Shun not suffering shame or loss ;
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete :
'It is finish'd,' hear him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

- 4 Early hasten to the tomb
 Where they laid his breathless clay ;
 All is solitude and gloom ;
 —Who has taken him away ?
 Christ is risen ; he meets our eyes.
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

10. 8s & 7s M. *Cawood.*

- 1 HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
 Lo ! th' angelic host rejoices ;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wond'rous story
 Which they chant in hymns of joy :
 ' Glory in the highest, glory !
 Glory be to God most high !
- 3 ' Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found :
 Souls redeem'd and sins forgiven :—
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.'
- 4 Let us learn the wond'rous story
 Of our great Redeemer's birth ;
 Spread the brightness of his glory,
 Till it cover all the earth.

11. L. M. *Bowring.*

- 1 How sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When list'ning thousands gather'd round,
 And joy and rev'rence fill'd the place.
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
 To heaven he led his followers' way ;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.

- 3 'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !'
 Yes, sacred teacher, we will come,
 Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust !
 Pillars of earthly pride, decay !
 A nobler mansion waits the just,
 And Jesus has prepar'd the way.

12. C. M. *Anonymous.*

- 1 HARK ! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice,
 From the bright realms above,
 Amidst the war's tumultuous rage
 A voice of power and love.
- 2 Maintain the fight, my faithful band,
 Nor fear the mortal blow ;
 He that in such a warfare dies,
 Shall speedy vict'ry know.
- 3 I have my days of combat known,
 And in the dust was laid ;
 But now I sit upon my throne,
 And glory crowns my head.
- 4 This throne, this glory, shall be yours,
 My hands the crown shall give,
 And you the blest reward shall share,
 Whilst God himself shall live.
- 5 Lord 'tis enough, our souls are fired
 With courage and with love ;
 Vain the assaults of earth and hell,—
 Our souls are fix'd above.
- 6 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast trod
 To triumph and renown ;
 Nor shun thy combat and the cross,
 May we but wear the crown.

13. L. M. *Anonymous.*

- 1 Hath not thy heart within thee burn'd
At evening's calm and holy hour
As if its inmost depths discern'd
The presence of a loftier power ?
- 2 Hast thou not heard, 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmur'd by,
A voice from forth th' eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity ?
- 3 And as, upon the sacred page
Thine eye in rapt attention turn'd
O'er records of a holier age,
Hath not thy heart within thee burn'd ?
- 4 It was the voice of God, that spake
In silence to thy silent heart ;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And ev'ry dream of earth depart.
- 5 Voice of our God, Oh yet be near !
In low, sweet accents, whisper peace :
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wand'rings cease.

14. 7s & 6s. *Montgomery.*

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

- 2 He comes, with succor speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong ;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls condemn'd and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall come down, like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth :
 Before him on the mountains
 Shall peace the herald go,
 And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.
- 4 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end :
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand for ever ;
 That name to us is—Love.

15. C. M. *C. Wesley.*

- 1 I WANT a principle within
 Of jealous, godly fear ;
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to find it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel
 Of pride, or fond desire ;
 To catch the wandering of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that I no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience, give.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God, my conscience make !
 Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.

16. 3s & 7s. M. *J. Bowring.*

1 In the Cross of Christ I glory !
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me,
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy !

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified ;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the Cross of Christ I glory !—
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

17. L. M. *Montgomery.*

- 1 JESUS, by those he call'd his own,
Betray'd, forsaken, or denied,
He meets his enemies alone,
In all their malice, rage, and pride.
- 2 No guile within his mouth is found,
He neither threatens nor complains ;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb, midst his murderers he remains.
- 3 But hark ! he prays,—'t is for his foes ;
He speaks,—'t is comfort to his friends ;
Answers,—and Paradise bestows ;
He bows his head ; the conflict ends.
- 4 Truly this was the Son of God !
—Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruis'd beneath the Father's rod ;
Not for himself,—for man he dies.

18. L. M. *Gregg.*

- 1 JESUS, and can it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee ?
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor ;
My soul shall scorn it more and more.
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I 've no sins to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
And no immortal soul to save.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

- 4 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
 And O, may this my portion be,
 That Saviour 's not asham'd of me !

19. 7s M. [DOUBLE.] *Anonymous.*

- 1 In the Saviour's hour of death,
 Bound upon the cross of fear,
 While his quick and struggling breath
 Spoke the fatal moment near ;
 Then his glance a felon turn'd,
 Suffering at the sufferer's side,
 And the grace which others spurn'd
 Sought in prayer, and found, and died.
- 2 Sighs of parting anguish came
 From the Saviour's laboring breast ;
 But though torture thrill'd his frame,
 He could yield the afflicted rest ;
 And a transient, heavenly smile
 Beam'd upon his pallid face,
 As his anguish, for a while,
 Gave to love and pity place.
- 3 Matchless love, supreme in death !
 Pity, in affliction shown !
 Be their praise o'er earth beneath,
 And through heavenly regions known,
 Men their grateful songs shall swell,
 For their Saviour's love divine ;
 In our hearts his spirit dwell,
 In our lives his influence shine.

20. S. M. *Watts.*

- 1 JESUS, the friend of man,
Invites around his board,
Those who his spirit share, to hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 Here we show forth that love,
Which spake in ev'ry breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumph'd in his death.
- 3 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one ;
Alike the children of his love,
And he the first-born son.
- 4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know ;
Brethren we are ; let ev'ry heart
With kind affections glow.
- 5 Warm'd with our master's love,
And God's unmeasur'd grace ;
O let our thankful hearts expand,
And all mankind embrace.

21. S. M. *Beddome.*

- 1 LET party names no more
The christian world o'erspread :
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

- 3 Envy and strife be gone,
 And only kindness known ;
 While all one common Father have,
 One common Master own.
- 4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
 And every heart is love.

22. 7s M. *Christian Lyre.*

- 1 Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful and kind ;
 Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
 Altogether like our Lord.
- 2 Let us for each other care,
 Each the other's burden bear :
 To thy church the pattern give ;
 Show how true believers live.
- 3 Free from anger and from pride,
 Let us thus in God abide ;
 All the depths of love express,
 All the heights of holiness.
- 4 Let us then with joy remove
 To the family above,
 On the wings of angels fly ;
 Show how true believers die.

23. C. M. *Greenwood.*

- 1 Now I approach thy table, Lord,
 With reverent joy and love :
 I call to mind my Saviour's word,
 And will obedient prove.

- 2 O, shall I not remember one,
 Who bled and died for me ?
 Nor think on all that he has done,
 To make me pure and free ?
- 3 Yes, I'll remember him, and strive
 To love him more and more ;
 So that I may with Jesus live,
 When this short life is o'er.

24. S. M. *Christian Psalmist.*

- 1 Our Captain leads us on,
 He beckons from the skies,
 He reaches out a starry crown,
 And bids us take the prize.
- 2 " Be faithful unto death,
 Partake my victory,
 And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
 And thou shalt reign with me."
- 3 'T is thus the righteous Lord
 To every soldier saith ;
 Eternal life is the reward
 Of all victorious faith.
- 4 Who conquer in his might,
 The victor's meed receive ;
 They claim a kingdom in his right,
 Which God shall freely give.

25. C. M. *Sewall's Col.*

- 1 O God, accept the sacred hour
 Which we to thee have given ;
 And let this hallow'd scene have power
 To raise our souls to heaven.

- 2 Still let us hold, till life departs,
 The precepts of thy Son,
 Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
 Forget what he has done.
- 3 His true disciples may we live,
 From all corruption free,
 And humbly learn like him to give
 Our powers, our wills, to thee.

26. 8s & 7s M. *Newton.*

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of friend ;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which, of all our friends, to save us
 Could or would have shed his blood ?
 But this Saviour died to have us
 Reconcil'd in him to God.
- 3 When he liv'd on earth abas'd,
 Friend of sinners was his name ;
 Now, above all glory rais'd,
 He rejoices in the same.
- 4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
 We, alas ! forget, too often,
 What a Friend we have above.

27. C. M. *Miss E. Taylor.*

- 1 O HERE, if ever, God of love !
 Let strife and tumult cease ;
 And ev'ry thought harmonious move,
 And ev'ry heart be peace.

- 2 Not here, where met to think on him
 Whose latest thoughts were ours
 Shall mortal passions come, to dim
 The prayer devotion pours.
- 3 No, gracious master, not in vain
 Thy life of love hath been ;
 The peace thou gav'st, may yet remain,
 Though thou no more art seen.
- 4 Thy "kingdom come ;" we watch, we wait,
 To hear thy cheering call ;
 When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
 And God be all in all.

28. L. M. *New-York Coll.*

- 1 SEE how he lov'd ! exclaim'd the Jews,
 As tender tears from Jesus fell.
 My grateful heart the thought pursues,
 And on the theme delights to dwell.
- 2 See how he lov'd ! who never shrank
 From toil, and danger, pain, or death ;
 Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
 And meekly yielded up his breath.
- 3 See how he lov'd ! who di'd for man,
 Who labor'd thus, and thus endur'd,
 To execute the gracious plan,
 Which life and heaven to man secur'd.
- 4 Can we, unmov'd, such love survey ?
 O may our hearts with ardor glow,
 To tread his steps, his laws obey,
 And thus our warm affection show.

29. L. M. *Tappan.*

- 1 'Tis midnight—and on Olive's brow,
The star is dimm'd that lately shone ;
'Tis midnight—in the garden now,
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight—and from all remov'd,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears ;
E'en the disciple that he lov'd
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight— and for other's guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood ;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight—and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know ;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly sooth the Saviour's wo.

30. C. M. *C. Wesley.*

- 1 THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make ;
Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him :
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

- 4 O God, be thou our constant guide !
 'Then, when the word is given,
 Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

31. L. M. *Montgomery.*

- 1 THE christian warrior, see him stand
 In the whole armour of his God ;
 The spirit's sword is in his hand ;
 His feet are with the gospel shod :
- 2 In panoply of truth complete,
 Salvation's helmet on his head,
 With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
 And faith's broad shield before him spread.
- 3 With this omnipotence he moves,
 From this the alien armies flee ;
 Till more than conqueror he proves,
 Through Christ, who gives him victory.
- 4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,
 Sin, death, and hell he tramples down,
 Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
 Through mercy, an immortal crown.

32. 7s M. *Contemplations of the Saviour.*

- 1 Thou, by pain and care oppress'd,
 Lift the eye with sorrow dim ;
 In thy Saviour's love find rest ;
 Child of suffering, hear thou him !
- 2 Trifler of the passing hour,
 Vain the pleasures earth can give ;
 Stay thy course ; thy Saviour's power
 Calls thee ; hear, and turn, and live !

- 3 Wanderer on the downward road,
Far from virtue's guiding ray ;
Turn to happiness, to God ;
Jesus calls thee ; turn and pray :
- 4 Fixing Faith's bright gaze above,
Hear him, while on earth ye tread :
Ye shall hear his tones of love,
When the trumpet wakes the dead.

33. L. M. *Anonymous.*

- 1 THERE'S not a hope, with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in that thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime.
- 2 His image meets me in the hour
Of joy, and brightens every smile :
I see him when the tempests lower,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.
- 3 I see him in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek ;
With him I tread the hallow'd ground,
Communion with my God to seek.
- 4 I meet him at the lowly tomb ;
I weep where Jesus wept before ;
And there above the grave's dark gloom,
I see him rise—and weep no more.
- 5 Then ask me not to live, and be
A stranger to that generous flame,
Which warms, and, to eternity
Must warm my soul at Jesus' name.

34. L. M. *Enfield's Selection.*

- 1 THIS feast was Jesus' high behest,
This cup of thanks his last request :
Ye who can feel his worth, attend,
Eat, drink, in mem'ry of your friend.
- 2 Around the patriot's bust ye throng,
Him ye exalt in swelling song :
For him the wreath of glory bind,
Who freed from vassalage his kind :
- 3 Shall he, who, fellow-men to save,
Became a tenant of the grave,
Unthank'd, uncelebrated rise,
Pass unremember'd to the skies ?
- 4 Christians ! unite with loud acclaim
To hymn the Saviour's welcome name :
On earth extol his wondrous love ;
Repeat his praise in worlds above.

35. 6s & 10s M. *Christian Examiner.*

- 1 THOU, who didst stoop below,
To drain the cup of wo,
Wearing the form of frail mortality,—
Thy blessed labors done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast pass'd from earth---pass'd to thy home on high.
- 2 Man may no longer trace,
In thy celestial face,
The image of the bright, the viewless One :
Nor may thy servants hear,
Save with faith's raptur'd ear,
Thy voice of tenderness, God's holy Son !

- 3 Our eyes behold thee not,
 Yet hast thou not forgot
 Those who have plac'd their hope, their trust in thee;
 Before thy Father's face
 Thou hast prepar'd a place,
 That where thou art, there they may also be.
- 4 O thou, who art our life,
 Be with us through the strife !
 Was not thy head by earth's fierce tempests bow'd?
 Raise thou our eyes above,
 To see a Father's love
 Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.
- 5 Ev'n through the awful gloom,
 Which hovers o'er the tomb,
 That light of love our guiding star shall be ;
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy way to tread,
 Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

36. L. M. [Double.] *Anonymous.*

" I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."

- 1 THOU art the Way—and he who sighs,
 Amid this starless waste of wo,
 To find a pathway to the skies,
 A light from heaven's eternal glow,
 By thee must come, thou gate of love,
 Through which the saints undoubting trod ;
 Till faith discovers, like the dove,
 An ark, a resting place in God.

- 2 Thou art the Truth—whose steady day
 Shines on through earthly blight and bloom,
 The pure, the everlasting ray,
 The lamp that shines e'en in the tomb ;
 The light, that out of darkness springs,
 And guideth those that blindly go ;
 The word, whose precious radiance flings
 Its lustre upon all below.
- 3 Thou art the Life—the blessed well,
 With living waters gushing o'er,
 Which those who drink shall ever dwell
 Where sin and thirst are known no more ;
 Thou art the mystic pillar given,
 Our lamp by night, our light by day ;
 Thou art the sacred bread from heaven ;—
 Thou art the Life—the Truth—the Way.

37. C. M. *Exeter Col.*

- 1 WITH warm affection let us view,
 With pious grief improve,
 The solemn and impressive scene
 Of Jesus' dying love.
- 2 Not all the malice of his foes,
 His pity could subdue ;
 " Father ! forgive," he meekly pray'd,
 " They know not what they do."
- 3 O what a love was here display'd,
 Beyond our utmost thought !
 How pure the lessons, how sublime,
 In life and death he taught !

- 4 Let not his sacred truths, by us
 Be lost, or misappli'd ;
 Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget
 That 'twas for us he died.

38. L. M. *N. Y. Col.*

- 1 We sing thy mercy, God of love !
 That sent the Saviour from above
 To free our race from sin and wo,
 And spread thy peace and truth below.
- 2 We thank thee for the words he brought ;
 We thank thee that he liv'd, and taught
 Frail and imperfect man, to be
 In humble mode, resembling thee.
- 3 We thank thee for thy gracious care,
 Which kept those sacred pages fair
 Through every age, whose lines record
 The deeds and precepts of our Lord.
- 4 We thank thee for this solemn rite,
 By us repeated in thy sight :
 O fill our souls with bread divine,
 And nourish us with heavenly wine !

39. C. M. *Cont. of the Saviour.*

- 1 Who, as the brethren of the Lord,
 May his affection claim ?
 To whom on earth does Christ accord
 A brother's honoured name ?

- 2 The pure, the humble, the sincere,
Whose hopes are fixed above ;
Who worship God with holy fear,
And ardent filial love ;
- 3 Who to the Saviour's word of grace
With grateful warmth attend,
Such does his loving heart embrace,
Their brother and their friend.
- 4 For these, in dark Gethsemane,
His bitter tears were shed ;
For these, upon the fatal tree,
He bow'd his patient head.
- 5 Brethren of Jesus, may we share
The love that fill'd his breast,
On earth his burthen joyful bear,
Then enter to his rest.

40. L. M. *Exeter Col.*

- 1 WHEN, in obedience to their Lord,
His followers meet around his board,
His love may well employ the song,
And dwell with praises on the tongue.
- 2 He lov'd mankind,—their welfare sought,
In all he did, in all he taught ;
Their present peace, their future joy,
His whole concern, his life's employ.
- 3 Where deep distress prolongs the sigh,
Behold the tender Jesus nigh ;
He heals the sick, restores the blind,
Consoles and soothes the drooping mind.

- 4 What love, what kindness, from his tongue,
 Invite the willing soul to come,
 To hear his gospel, learn the way
 Which leads through death to endless day !

41. S. M. *New-York Col.*

- 1 Yes, to the last command
 We will obedient prove ;
 Around his table will we stand,
 In memory of his love.
- 2 His precious blood he shed
 For our unworthy race,
 While uttering, in th' Almighty's stead,
 His messages of grace.
- 3 Oh ! if our senseless pride
 His dying words neglect,
 'Tis we who pierce his sacred side,
 And we who God reject.
- 4 Then let us ever keep
 This consecrated feast,
 'Till memory shall have sunk to sleep,
 Or life itself have ceas'd.

42. L. M. *Wesley's Col.*

- 1 YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
 If risen indeed with him ye are,
 Superior to the joys below,
 His resurrection's power declare.

- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove ;
By actions show your sins forgiven ;
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.
- 3 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place,
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praise.
- 4 Your real life, with Christ conceal'd,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies ;
And glorious as your Head reveal'd,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

43. C. M. *Beddome.*

- 1 YE followers of the Prince of peace,
Who round his table draw !
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.
- 2 The love, which all his bosom fill'd,
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught ;
Inspired by love, he died.
- 3 Let all the sacred law fulfil ;
Like his be every mind ;
Be every temper form'd by love,
And every action kind.

- 4 Let none, who call themselves his friends,
 Disgrace the honour'd name ;
 But by a near resemblance prove
 The title which they claim.

ASCRPTION.

C. M.

BLESSED are the souls that hear and know
 The gospel's joyful sound ;
 Peace shall attend the path they go,
 And light their steps surround :

The **LORD**, our glory and defence,
 Strength and salvation gives ;
 Christians ! thy Saviour ever reigns,
 Thy God forever lives.





